

A different War

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Summary: During the battle for Hogwarts, Harry makes the ultimate sacrifice to save the Headmaster's life, now, whisked away to another time, will he ever get home? CrossoverHalo

1. When the hell am I?

Okay, I know that I said that I wouldn't start another story, but apparently I lied, now then this doesn't mean that I am abandoning my other story, quite the contrary, but I need a few weeks to work out some plot details, and I am doing this in the mean time to keep myself entertained, now for some general information.

****Now, in this particular tale, Harry managed to save Sirius' knife with a bit of fancy spell work, and now carries it with him were ever he goes. He also has, his invisibility cloak, a sack of galleons, his wand, a pair of dragon hide boots/gloves, and several shrunken books that he has taken to carrying with him.****

****Over the last two years, Harry has been doing some independent study, to help the DA, but really increased it in the last year or so because of the prophecy, his power level is about the same a Snape's, less than Dumbledore and Voldemort, but a very good runner up, on par with Remus, Snape and Bellatrix. This makes him strong, but not to strong. He has also been doing research into permanently healing his eyes, he isn't done yet, but he's damn close.****

****Okay, I think that covers everything for right now, on with the story.****

Harry instinctively rolled out of the way of Dumbledore's freezing charm, he stood crouched under his invisibility cloak in mild anger at the aging Headmaster. Harry almost blew his cover right there but finally decided against it in favor of watching what was about to occur. Draco came first, world wary and haggard in appearance. He watched as the pair exchanged words. Draco was slipping, another few

minutes and he have joined with Dumbledore, that is if the others hadn't arrived.

Snape, along with several masked Deatheaters ascended the stairs in rapid succession. Several of them began egging Draco on. _Now's my chance. _Harry silently crept forward towards the pair of twins near the back. With a smidgen of wordless magic, _damn if that didn't take a long time to learn_, and a firm rap on top of their heads with his wand, Harry successfully stunned to Deatheater duo.

He was about to move on to the next one in line when he saw the tell tale beginning of the killing curse, glowing at the tip of Snape's wand. _What the? _Harry had little time to react, he leapt forward, absent mindedly shoving his cloak into his pocket as he went. He managed to slam into Dumbledore with enough force to push him out of the way of the curse. _Sorry Headmaster._ The boy who lived had just enough time to smile sadly down at Dumbledore, before turning to face his destiny.

Harry sent his one-time potions professor a defiant smirk before the green curse washed over him, sending him reeling backwards with enough force to blast him off of the astronomy tower. _Well this is just great, couldn't have a dignified death could I? Just had to get my remains splattered all over the grounds. _Harry frowned for a moment, _Shouldn't I be dead, and why is the killing curse not dispersing? _Green crackles of energy were wrapping themselves around his body. He looked up at the tower to see the surprised face of Dumbledore and, oddly enough, Remus, before a bright flash of green light over took him, whisking away the boy who lived from everything he knew.

John rolled right and came up in a kneeling crouch. He leveled his assault rifle at the pack of grunts that attacked him and quickly dispatched them with several well aimed bursts. The sun glinted off of his dented and scorched, blue armor. The silver visor was cracked slightly, no energy shield in sight.

The fourteen year old Spartan instinctively dived sideways to avoid the lightning blue blast of a plasma grenade, he came up and stowed his rifle to pull up a magnum pistol. With a single shot, he stopped his would be killer, an arch of purple blood spewed up into the air behind the overly ambitious grunt. He ran forward in a crouch and scooped up the remaining grenades before rolling forward to crouch behind the burnt out husk of an old automobile. The Spartan activated the COM link built into his helmet and radioed red team leader, Fred. "_Fred, this is Spartan 117, do you copy?"_

"_I copy blue leader, what do you need?" _John paused for a moment as the deafening explosion of a frag grenade tore through a group of Jackels.

"_I need you to take red team and flank around this block, hit the covenant's LZ from behind. I will take Blue team in from the front the provide an adequate diversion. Plant one of the Fury tac-nukes that Joshua is carrying with him in their grav-lift_, _set the detonation timer to forty seconds. From there, fall back to a safe location for us to re-group. After that, we still need to take out the other three covenant battle cruisers that have been parked on the other side of the city." _Fred's acknowledgment light blinked green twice before going dark.

John signaled Kelly, Linda, and James, the other members of Blue Team. The three Spartans quickly and carefully made their way across the battle torn street located on Sirius Prime, the colony recently attacked by the covenant. "_We are going to provide a tactical diversion for Red Team to destroy this battle cruiser."_

James chuckled from beneath his helmet. "_What are they using?_"

"_A Fury tac-nuke, should be sufficient to blow up their ship." _If it wasn't such a serious situation, the others may have laughed.

"_Sir, does the term, overkill, mean anything to you?" _John could practically see the smirk on Kelly's face.

"_When the covenant is involved, there is no such thing as overkill." _She nodded in confirmation and fell into place to listen to their team leader's plan.

"_All right blue team, we are going to barrel down this street, move from one section of wreckage to the next, Fred has about ninety seconds to flank them, concentrate more on gaining their attention then actually killing them, we can mop up with Red Team after the cruiser has been destroyed. Understood?" _A chorus of Yes Sir was issued from the group. John nodded and took point.

John smirked in satisfaction as the large, oblong ship imploded under the force of the Fury Tactical-Nuke, bright lances and bolts of purple energy shot through the air.

Most of the covenant in the area beat a hasty retreat, few of them made it. The Spartans made quick work them, and within twenty minutes, the entire covenant force within that section of the city was destroyed.

John sighed to himself and sat down on a piece of rubble, his squad mates were seated around them, Kelly and Joshua were on watch. Night would be falling within the hour and the Spartans were to start moving towards the next Covenant infested area at 2100 hours. John raised his hands to his helmet and pressed two, unnoticeable buttons on either side.

The helmet hissed as it depressurized, John sighed in relief as he lifted his helmet from his head. The face that met the world squinted at the bright light from Sirius Prime's twin suns. Short, dark, buzzed hair covered his scalp, overly pale skin covered his face. A long scar stretched over his left eye, and another, lighter one, ran diagonally across his left cheek, the two scars formed a large X. The other Spartans around him followed suite.

James started whistling to himself as he pulled out a pan and several pouches from the pack he had been wearing earlier. Linda pulled out a set of quick burning logs from her own pack and got a fire going, this was the first chance for the Spartans to rest and get something to eat in nearly seventy-two hours. Just as James was about to start their dinner, a swirling mass of green lightning began to form just twenty meters away.

Harry grit his teeth in pain as the bolts left from the residue of

the killing curse continued to ripple across his body. Bright lights and sounds echoed all around him, he saw hundreds of flashes from all directions. The wizarding world diminishing over hundreds of years until only small pockets of magic users remained, the world becoming unified under one banner, the UNSC.

Harry continued to watch as humans progressed technologically, mastering space flight, colonizing other planets, the discovery of slipstream. In the last few seconds of his trip, the boy who lived saw glimpses of some alien force only known as the Covenant. When the images finally halted, he was left dazed, not really understanding the tiny fragments that he had saw meant. The pain from the curse began to subside as his movements became me and unstable, the green light surrounding him flashed bright one last time before a large BOOM sounded in all directions, and Harry was flung towards the ground.

The boy who lived quickly adjusted his fall and landed in a crouch, wand drawn, looking for any signs of danger. The landscape resembled muggle London, sky scrapers towered above him, and the burnt out bodies of automobiles littered the streets. His gaze drifted to sight of seven, heavily armored individuals sitting in a circle, they quickly stood and faced him, holding what appeared to be some sort of machine gun. After a few tense seconds, the group visible relaxed, but still held onto their weapons, Harry did like wise.

One of the armored individuals, Harry guessed the leader, moved forward with a cautious gate. The boy who lived tightened the grip on his wand and watched as the soldier strode towards him.

"You're a civilian? No that's not right, your stance is too rigid, but where is your equipment?" Harry frowned, but stowed his wand, his man was not his enemy. "What is your name?" Harry hesitated for a moment, before deciding to answer with a military response.

"Potter, I am a soldier of the Order of the Phoenix, could you tell me where I am?" The soldier nodded.

"This is Sirius Prime, twelfth colony of the UNSC." Harry frowned slightly.

"What is the Date?"

"October 23, 2525, standard military calendar." Harry frowned at the date, a fear of his had been confirmed, some sort of time displation had occurred. "Your are not from around here are you?"

Harry shook his head, "No I am not, this is obviously a war zone, can you possibly brief me on your status, I can fight." John appeared to hesitate for a moment before nodding and motioning him towards his group.

As Harry gingerly sat amongst the armored individuals, John posed him with a question.

"You said you were military, what branch?" Harry chuckled slightly before giving his answer.

"As is said a moment ago, I am a member of the order of the Phoenix, a Phoenix knight to be more specific. I doubt that you would have

heard of them." The Spartans just nodded to agree. John began speaking again.

"Spartans, this is Knight Potter of the order of the Phoenix, Potter, this is a band of my men, the Spartans, Fred, Linda, James, Joshua, Kelly, Will, and I am John." Harry nodded to each of the soldiers as their leader pointed them out.

"Now, would you mind telling us how you got here?" Harry laughed again before continuing.

"Honestly, I am not sure, I was in a fight with a group of Deatheaters, they are the ones on the opposing side of the war I was fighting in," at the Spartans' nod, he continued. "I was attacked and thrown off of a tower from the castle we were fighting in. The energy from the blast did not dissipate as I fell and before I hit the ground I was whisked away to here." John noticed how Potter watered down his story but accepted it as truth. "I will give you all a proper debriefing when the situation is less hostile." The Spartans nodded as one.

"It is good to have the extra-" James comment was interrupted as Harry, feeling a slight throb in his scar, stood and spun on his heels, a bright blast of energy was barreling strait towards him. _Damn, that looks like_ no, it isn't the right color and it is too slow. _He twisted his upper body into a slight cork-screw to avoid the green beam. It rushed past him and impacted on the wall behind them with a mortar scorching crack_. Now would be a good time to test out the personal shield ward that I have been working on. _Harry pulled out his wand and gave a few brief flicks, he glowed golden for a moment before it faded away.

"Hostiles!" John slid his helmet back on and let it pressurize before picking up his rifle and engrossing himself with the fight.

Harry rolled out of the way of another green blast and leveled his wand at the vulture like creature. With a well placed _Reducto_, the alien's head was swiftly blown away from its body. Harry swore as he ducked under a barrage of pink shards, spells were nice and all but they just weren't fast enough to take out this many enemies that had the ability to fire back with rapid succession.

"Potter, catch!" The Phoenix knight turned to see Kelly lobbing a pistol in his general direction. He caught it with a grin, briefly remembering Moody's lessons about muggle weaponry before leveling the firearm towards a group of Grunts. With ease earned from months of practice, the man who was once known as the boy who lived, dispatched a large group of Grunts via a smattering of lead to their brains.

John unloaded a clip into the mass of Jackels that had been huddling just off to the side of the main battle and took a moment to watch Potter. He was good, used to chaotic situations like this, the soldier had already taken out a small platoon of enemies without a scratch. John was impressed. He didn't let his mind wander far before he returned to his own battle.

Potter leapt sideways and buried his gloved fist in the back of a Jackels head, his shield flared slightly as the pink shards from a needler impacted his back. He rolled out of the way and swore loudly

as he saw a fast approaching energy grenade, directly in his path. The grenade stuck to the very center of his chest. Harry took the two seconds he had until it detonated to pour as much energy into his shield as possible.

With a deafening explosion, the grenade knocked him backwards and off of his feet, he rolled, heels over head, several times before finally sliding to a smoldering heap. His breathing was ragged, a sizable area of his shirt had been burnt away to reveal a smoldering patch of enflamed skin underneath. He hoisted himself back onto his feet and winced at the sensation of several broken ribs.

The fighting stopped for a moment, no one moved, they all stared in shock at the man that just survived a direct hit from a plasma grenade. Harry took the initiative and lifted his pistol, burying a bullet in a Grunt's head. And just like that, the fighting resumed, the Phoenix Knight shoved Kelly out of the way of another plasma grenade, she nodded in thanks before dispatching a retreating group of Jackels.

The Covenant was quickly driven back, no one seemed to want to fight a force that had someone as strong as Harry on their side, and within minutes the Covenant forces had been completely obliterated.

Harry winced and gingerly sat down on a piece of rubble. He coughed, sending lances of pain shooting through his sides, now that the adrenaline was wearing off, he really started to feel that grenade.

"You're one tough bastard, you know that?" Harry chuckled slightly and winced again. "Off with it." Harry quirked an eyebrow at Kelly in confusion. "Take your shirt off, I need to examine your wounds."

> He frowned and vainly attempted to ward her off but to no avail.<p>

"If you insist." With an exasperated expression, he peeled off his cloak and gingerly lifted his still smoldering shirt over his head. A patch of burning irritated skin plastered his chest where the grenade had stuck.

"The blast seems to have broken several of your ribs, and it dislocated your shoulder." Harry looked mildly surprised at this.

"Hey, what's with the tattoo?" James was examining the Phoenix tattooed on his left arm.

"Every Phoenix Knight has one of these." James pointed to the numbers underneath the tattoo, 2-04.

"Is that your identification number?" Harry nodded, and pointed to the two.

"This indicates that I am a second generation Knight. The second number means that I was the fourth member inducted." James nodded.

"Why do you mark generations?" His voice held a curious tone, Harry winced as Kelly continued to poke and prod at him.

"The first generation had different training and augmentation." James perked up at the word augment.

"What do you mean by augment?" Harry sighed before continuing.

"Speed, strength, agility, and senses, all of them are increased to above normal levels do to increased combat involvement. I also have some control of my adrenal glands, lets me slow things down a bit." James nodded.

"Interesting, Spartans have similar upgrades, after seeing you take that grenade like that I knew you couldn't be normal." Harry flashed him a grin.

"The word normal normally isn't applied to me unless the word, not, is also involved." He winced again as Kelly continued to prod him. "Aren't you finished yet?" She paused and looked at him.

"You broke six ribs, severely dislocated your right shoulder, tore a ligament in your left leg and you appear to be suffering from something that I can only describe as fourth degree burns." Harry smiled.

"You know what the bad thing is?"

"What?"

"I've had way worse." The Spartan just shook her head and without warning, relocated Harry's shoulder. The Phoenix Knight grimaced at the pain but refused to show it.

"How did you survive that grenade?" John voiced the question that was on all the Spartans' minds.

"I have been working on a new type of shield for nearly two years, it will stay with you, surrounding your body, and it recharges using your own energy, the process would be nearly perfected if it wasn't so damn draining." John nodded and activated his COM link.

"_This is Spartan-117 I am in need of a medic." _A voice came over his COM.

"_I read you loud and clear Spartan, sending one to your location." _John deactivated his COM link and turned back to Harry.

"Potter, I have a medic on the way, he should have you patched up good enough to fight, we are going to need all the help we can get with the rest of this mission." Harry nodded and was struck with a sudden thought.

"Is there any chance that you could set me up with a suit of armor like yours, I have a feeling it might come in handy." John hesitated for a moment.

"A normal soldier can't handle these suits, they increase reaction time to much." James interrupted him.

"Sir, Potter was just explaining me that the Phoenix Knights receive

certain augmentations similar to our own when they are inducted." John nodded before activating his COM again and radioing from a team of technicians to bring him another set of Vulcan armor.

"It is done, your armor along with a set of weapons will be arriving with the medic, Harry nodded in thanks. The Spartans still had nearly three hours before they were to start the next leg of their mission, so they depressurized again and James once again pulled out his pans, everyone was hell bent on getting something to eat.

Fin.

Alright, done. Yes I am diverging from cannon a bit but this is fan fiction besides, Harry should have been getting some special training in cannon anyway. Yea, I know the Order of the Phoenix doesn't augment their soldiers, but they do in this particular story, besides, Harry needs to be on par with the Spartans, He will eventually end up in a 'late' Spartan 2 program where he receives the same goodies they have. And I know he seems to be taking everything surprisingly well but he is still in shock, he will be acting more appropriately when he gets somewhere to relax.

Thanks for reading, please review.

2. Finish THIS Fight

****Holy crap, you people seem to like this story. I expected two maybe three reviews, instead I got eleven, very well written and appreciated reviews. For that, I continue this tale. I would also like to apologize for a glaring error on my part. The Spartans are in their forties at the beginning of the Halo game, not their twenties, this means that the current date is in the year 2525. I will go back and change this immediately, the Spartans have been fighting the Covenant for nearly a year. They are almost fifteen.****

****As another note, the basic plot of this universe is 'roughly' the same as cannon, all of the plot points occurred in some way, Harry discovered the prophecy at the age of twelve, he was a bit curious as to why the dark tosser was after him, so he ended up forging a friendship with a young auror in training, guess who? He has been training ever since. And in Harry's time, Sirius is still alive, kinda. A magical backlash occurred when he was dueling Bella in the ministry, put them both into a coma. He still wasn't awake when Harry 'left.'****

****Disclaimer: Sadly, I do not own Harry Potter, nor do I own Halo.****

Harry scowled as the Medic poked and prodded him similarly to how Kelly had. The man had given him some sort of injection that was supposed to fuse cracked bones back together. The tendon was stitched back into place and then cauterized, before incased in biofoam for good measure.

"This is as good as I can do, the burn on your chest shouldn't effect combat much, let me get you something for the pain." Harry waved him off.

"I won't need it, but I do thank you for your services." The medic

nodded before backing away to give the technicians room to do their job.

Three men in grey uniforms walked forward, wheeling several crates with them on dollies. One of the technicians cracked open one of the cases to reveal what appeared to be the thigh, knee, and shin armor. "Strip." Harry blinked for a moment before removing his dragon hide boots, those were quickly followed by his pants. The boy who lived stood in nothing more than his boxers as the technician fiddled with the armor, hitting a unnoticeable switch that expanded the suit slightly that allowed for easier access.

Harry shifted, he didn't like being exposed like this in the middle of a battle. He quickly stepped forward and slid into the armor. He pressed the same button the technician had earlier. The suit made a hissing noise before sealing itself against his skin, making for a snug fit. The tech man handed him a pair of blue boots that matched and supervised him as he fitted them and sealed them to the rest of the suit.

Next came the black body suit, it covered his chest, back and stomach. Once it was snugly in place, the outer blue armor was slid on and locked into place. Next came the biceps, quickly followed with the forearms and the gloves. Finally with great reverence, the Technician handed Harry his helmet. The Phoenix knight held it in his gloved hands for a moment before sliding it over his head and letting it pressurize the rest of the suit. After a few moments a bar representing his vitals appeared on screen, as did small squares representing confirmation lights.

"How do you activate the COM link?" John responded instantly.

"This may be painful. Most soldiers are given a neural implant at the base of the skull that helps with things like this, since you don't have one yet, the suit needs to make an alternative route." Harry frowned from beneath the visor.

"How so-" His question was abruptly cut off as a searing pain tore through the back of his head, it lasted for an agonizing ten seconds before abating.

"By using a needle and an optic fiber to link into your brain directly, I've heard that it hurts, is that true?" Harry frowned and contemplated giving the armor plated death machine in front of him a rude hand gesture before deciding against it.

"The experience was not pleasant, and that is all I am going to tell you." Harry moved to take the gun that Linda was hoisting towards him and nearly fell at the increased speed he seemed to developed. He almost stumbled but caught himself and began to use a more careful and fluid with his movements, it seemed to help.

"This may take you a while to adjust, we don't know how your augmentation stands up to ours." James voice held a matter of fact tone to it. Harry figured that it was never to late to find out.

Before, with the augmentations granted to him by Albus Dumbledore fourteen months ago when he was inducted into the order, Harry had the ability to lift nearly eight-hundred pounds and could jump to a

height of fifteen feet, this was when he was straining himself or course, his comfort levels was reasonably lower than that. He bent at the knees and pushed off, raising high into the air, nearly twice as high as he could before.

He landed his a large thud, "Whoa." Harry then proceeded to attempt to lift the warthog that the technicians and the medic had road in on. With a bit of surprise, Harry could lift the front end of the vehicle with little effort, he could probably carry the thing if he had to.

"I like this suit." John chuckled and came up beside him.

"Amazing aren't they? Dr. Halsey, she is the one that heads the Spartan program, says that there is a set of armor even more advanced than these. Unfortunately, they are several months away from being tested." Harry nodded before turning to the group.

"Alright, when do we need to leave for the next segment of this mission?" John took over from here.

"There are several, estimated at three, covenant battle cruisers hovering on the outer edges of this city, they appear to be looking for something, we are to destroy or push back their forces, and we need to find out what they are looking for." Harry nodded and motioned him to continue.

"We are going to split up into two groups, Red team will be led by Fred, it will consist of Linda, James and you, Potter." Harry nodded in understanding. "I will lead Blue team, Kelly, Will, and Joshua will come with me." The Spartans, plus one Phoenix Knight nodded.

"Red team will cut up through the middle of the main street for a thousand meters before diverging right for twenty blocks. I will take Blue team directly left from our current position and then move forward towards the edge of the city. Red team, when you hit the outer rim of the city, I need you to follow it up, quietly dispatching hostiles when you can, until you are within seeing distance of the Cruisers, the Covenant through this area is thick, it is where they sat up base camp. Contact me with your COM link when you arrive, understood?" A round of Yes Sir was issued from the group.

"Good. Joshua, give Fed one of the Fury-tac nukes that you are carrying, the same plan should work this time around. Once we neutralize the two outer ships, we can take out the central one." The group nodded, Kelly suddenly posed a question.

"What about the ground camp?" John sighed before continuing.

"With any luck, we can capture the central ship momentarily and crash it into their encampment before detonating the bomb." She nodded.

Harry almost laughed at the seemingly nonchalant acceptance of this order, he was seriously beginning to like these people.

"Does everyone understand?" The group relayed their conformations before splitting up and departing.

A single bead of sweat rolled down Harry's temple, Sirius Prime was a very hot planet. The Duel suns eliminated the winter and autumn months, leaving a short Spring followed by a very long Summer. He glanced down at some of the outer readings coming in threw his HUD. One hundred and fifteen degrees. That, coupled with the nearly eight hundred pounds of armor, made the current situation for the Phoenix Knight uncomfortable. In spite of this, Harry found himself enjoying his time with the Spartans, from what he understood, the Covenant forces were far more dangerous than Voldemort and his Deatheaters.

He inhaled deeply and stopped short, a new but familiar smell entered his lungs. Grunts. He looked at the motion radar built into his helmet and couldn't detect anything, they were just out of it's range, but they were still close.

Harry's mind briefly flashed back to the summer in between his fourth and fifth year.

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"Come on Harry! Push yourself, let go and tear into yourself search for your inner beast." Sirius' words were energetic but loud. For the last month, he had been trying to teach his Godson to be an animagus. Harry roared, and with one final push of magical energy, made the change. He stood on all fours, panting from the transformation.

Standing before Sirius was a massive dire wolf, the largest breed of wolf known to man. Sirius laughed in happiness. "I knew you could do it! Hanging out with Moony and me has had more of an effect than I had thought." The large wolf gave the closest thing it could to a laugh before shifting back into the boy who lived and collapsing on the floor in exhaustion.

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Harry shook himself from his musing and refocused. He activated his COM link and contacted Fred.

"_We have Hostiles coming in from six o' clock_-" his sentence was cut off as a blast of super hot plasma missed his left elbow by mere inches. "Take cover!" Harry dived sideways to crouch behind a destroyed car and spared a moment to look at his left arm. The plates of his armor were burning red hot, but were slowly fading back to the original blue.

He looked up to see an inbound Covenant drop ship spraying the area with suppressive fire as it released its troops onto the battle field. Harry shook the numbness out of his arm and leveled his assault rifle at the enemy.

Within moments the street was in utter chaos. Energy bolts, plasma grenades and the flash of bullets were whizzing back and forth.

The Grunt in front of Harry dropped in a spray of its own blood, several more waddled forward to replace it. He stowed his rifle and took careful aim at the methane pack that sat on the dead Grunt's back. With one careful pistol round the pack exploded in a ball of fire, the other Grunts released a series of harsh screams and barks

before they were consumed with flames.

Fred activated the plasma grenade he had snatched off of the dead body of one of the Grunts Potter had just taken out and lobbed it into a group of Jackels before taking cover behind the corner of a building. He activated his COM link and radioed Blue team leader.

"_John, our position has been compromised, the Covenant discovered us on one of their patrol's, we are going to have to find an alternative route." _The COM link was silent for a moment before John answered.

"_Acknowledged, Red leader, try to use the sewer system to make your way to the Cruiser's once you have cleared the area." _Fred quickly agreed and cut off his COM link.

Harry sprinted forward at a dead run and leapt into the air, the Jackel in front of him gave a surprised squawk, the beam of energy it had been charging went wide as Harry armored boots collided with it's face. He quickly grabbed it's energy shield and snapped it on as the other Jackels opened fire. A blue ball of energy arched out of the dust and landed at their feet. The grenade detonated, ending their life. Harry stood up among the clearing dust and dropped the flickering shield before crouching and making his way towards Fred.

" The area is clear," Fred nodded before filling in the gathering group of Spartans.

" Our position is compromised, we need to enter the sewer system and follow our route underground." The group nodded without hesitation. Harry took point and led them to a square man hole in the center of the street, he lifted it and motioned the others inside before entering himself.

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John swore under his breath, there were five Covenant battle cruisers, not three. He lowered the binoculars from his visor and turned to Kelly.

"Any suggestions?" Kelly just shrugged her shoulders. John sighed and raised his binoculars again and spotted Fred's group coming out of a man-hole on the other side of the ships. He activated his COM link and raised Red team leader.

"_Do you have any suggestions to thisâ€¦ unforeseen predicament?" _Fred was silent for a moment before answering.

"_Potter thinks that the new SMAC should be repositioned to face the Covenant cruisers." _John paused for a moment in shock, if the Super MAC gun hit the planet insteadâ€¦ the results would be catastrophic. The Super Magnetic Accelerator Cannon, SMAC gun for short, would have the ability to tear a hole in this planet three times as deep as the Grand Canyon.

"_It is an option, but it is too dangerous, we could destabilize the planet's axis." _John heard the crackle over his COM link as someone else entered the line.

"_Permission to speak sir." _Potter's voice echoed through his COM system.

"_Permission granted." _John only had to wait for a moment.

"_John, the Fury-tac nukes that we are using send out a blast of super heated slag, correct?" _John gave an affirmative. "_If we plant the nukes under the street directly beneath the Cruisers and activate them just as the SMAC gun passes through them, then we can essentially cause the two weapons to collide in midair, the majority of the damage should be absorbed by the covenant cruisers." _John stood their stunned for a moment before answering.

"_Did anyone ever tell you that you are a brilliant tactician? All right Spartans, listen up, I need everyone but Will and Joshua in the sewer system, we will be acting as Red team, Will, Joshua, you will be Blue team, contact the AI currently in control of the closest orbiting SMAC gun and have it target the Covenant ships, tell them to fire when I give you a signal." _The Spartans' acknowledgement lights blinked twice before they headed off to find the correct signal. He motioned the rest of his team to move into the sewer. Fred's side did so as well.

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John frowned, he didn't like this, to many things could go wrong. James and Kelly were currently running the lengths of the tunnels, setting up the nukes and recalibrating them so the majority of their blast was aimed strait up instead of in a scatter pattern. Potter and him were currently watching the only two entrances to the particular tunnel they were currently using.

"I hope this works." Harry's voice was quiet but filled with steel, if it was possible, he acted like he had been in worse situations before.

"You aren't the only one, Sirius Prime was evacuated but this planet it going to have one serious crater regardless as if this works or not."

"Believe me or not, but I have seen something like this before, just on a much smaller scale." He briefly pictured what two spells did when they collided in mid air. His head perked up as he heard the sounds a running Spartans.

"_Hostiles!" _Kelly's voice was strained as she came barreling down the corridor. A seven foot tall beast wielding a glowing sword was hot on her heels.

"What the Hell?!" Harry agreed with John as he opened fire on the beast. His bullets pinged harmlessly against it's energy shield.

"Shit! Kelly please tell me you set the nukes?"

"Yes, the detonator is only set to sixty seconds!" Harry and John fell in line with her as she ran past them, they both continued to fire on the pursuer. Harry stopped and primed one of his plasma grenades, he stuck it to the wall next to him and continued running,

the monstrosity that was following them was caught in the blast. The beast stumbled, it's shield was depleted. Harry and John stopped and opened Fire. The Monster continued to charge and swung at John's head, he ducked and punched the creature in the stomach.

The creature roared and lifted it's foot to stomp on him but Harry pulled the Spartan out of the way Just in time. The thing screamed in rage and swung again. He had no time to dodge, so he simply slapped his hands together and caught the blade on the flat sides. The Phoenix knight grit his teeth as his armored hands glowed red hot and started to fizzle. He held on just long enough for John to plant a plasma grenade on it's chest armor. Harry released the blade and rolled backwards as the creature gave a startled gasp and exploded in a gory heap.

He lurched to his feet and examined his smoking gloves. The boy who lived had a sneaking suspicion that his hands were seriously burnt.

"_Will, Joshua, activate the SMAC gun, NOW!" _John didn't pause to see if they answered, but turned and hurried off towards the others, Harry hot on his tail.

--

The Spartans clambered out of the man hole, some thousand meters away, and took off at a dead sprint in the opposite direction of the nukes. All at once there was a deathly quiet, before all hell broke loose. A sonic boom echoed outward that could be heard on the far side of the planet. Windows shattered and the concrete beneath their feet began to bubble.

The Spartans put on an extra burst of speed and managed to crest a hill on the outskirts of the city as the two massive forces collided, right where a Covenant fleet had stood just moments before. The two titanic powers crashed into one another, forming a massive explosion great enough to send the super soldiers staggering.

Harry's motion sensor and health bar fuzzed up and failed as the EMP wave knocked out all of the electronics within the nearest hundred miles.

John walked forward and depressurized his helmet.

"Good job Spartans, now lets head home."

FIN

Well, it is done, I hope you all enjoyed that chapter, next one involves a trip to earth and a hint as to what became of Hogwarts. There is also rough sketch of the Vulcan Armor at the link is in my profile if you are interested.

Read and Review,

-Lukan Marvolo.

****Alright everyone, I'm back to work on this story, sorry that it has taken so long.****

****First off, I would like to point a few things out. Several of you have noticed that they are not wearing MJOLNIR armor but are instead wearing VULCAN armor. As Harry traveled through time, he caused several, 'hiccups' in the space/time continuance. This effectively has caused the Halo universe to become AU, one of the effects was the delay of the newest form of the MJOLNIR armor. Remember, even if it happened years ago this 'hiccup' still delayed the development, because Harry is coming from so far in the past, and yes to clear something else up, there are still magic users alive, very few, something like fifteen hundred left out of the whole Earth bound population, three thousand in space. ****

****They are heading to Earth, why? Because home base is curious as to where the hell Harry came from and want to interrogate him themselves, see, they aren't going to go that easy on him.****

****Disclaimer- I don't own, never plan to either.****

Harry growled under his breath and glared at the wall in front of him. He was sitting in a small room, made out of reinforced alloy, one of the walls was a one way mirror, not that it mattered. Harry squinted his eyes and allowed one of his augmentations take over.

The world before him swirled crimson as his eyes took on a red tint, he had switched his vision into the heat spectrum. Three large men stood behind the glass, and one women sat in a chair behind them. He snorted and blinked his eyes allowing them to slide back into their normal, enhanced state. He shook his head slightly, clearing the small bit of disorientation that occurred when he, 'Switched eyes' as Tonks used to like saying. He looked up at the sound of the door opening and watched as four people filed into the room, the same people that had been watching him from behind the glass.

Harry's anger flared up again, when he had exited the ship, the barrel of a gun had been pushed into his back. Not long after, he had been led into this room and left here, assumingly until the proper people could arrive to question him.

Finally, He sat up straighter, and focused his attention on the people in front of him. He noticed, rather surprised, that John was among them. The Spartan nodded his head slightly, Harry nodded back and smirked, at least he had one friend in this mess.

The woman spoke up first. "So, mister Potter, you can start by giving us your first name." The boy who lived frowned slightly.

"Ma'am, is there any particular reason as to why you need my first name?" The woman in front of him quirked an eyebrow.

"At least you have manners, we need your name for a background check." Harry chuckled slightly.

"Harry James Potter, I doubt you will be finding anything on me."

"Why is that?" The Phoenix Knight slid forward slightly.

"I have never registered in the muggle world." He watched in amusement as the woman's face clouded over in confusion. John didn't budge, one of the men an older naval officer with whitening hair was glaring at Harry as if saying, 'don't lie to her.' The last person had stiffened in recognition, he was relatively young, regardless of this he still had snow white hair.

Harry's eyes narrowed slightly at the man's appearance, _So, he recognized the word_. He focused in on the man's identification badge, Antonio Malfoy.

"I'll be damned. Draco actually managed to find someone that could stomach him long enough to produce an heir for him." The Malfoy before him had the nerve to look indignant.

"How dare you insult the Malfoy name!" Harry glared up at him and slowly rose to his feet. The military personnel looked slightly worried.

"Your family has done little more than cause havoc, and you aren't making a good impression."

"Shut-up, the both of you!" The woman, Dr. Hasley, glowered at both of them for a moment. "Now, what is a muggle?" Harry sighed and slid back into his seat.

"Muggle is a term for non-magic user." Dr. Hasley's eyes widened slightly.

"Wizards and witches went extinct nearly four-hundred years ago." Harry quirked an eyebrow.

"You lot know about magic?" Hasley nodded stiffly.

"Yes, I have read several reports about it, the Magic-users were exposed shortly after the death of a Dark Lord, someone named Voldemort." Harry scowled.

"Bastard made it that long? I need to find a way back and rectify this mistake." He scratched his chin in thought, "I should head back to Hogwarts!" Antonio decided to speak up.

"The location of Hogwarts was lost centuries ago." Harry chuckled.

"You're talking to someone that attended the school, I can find it."

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!" The Phoenix knight jumped slightly and reached for his wand, managing to catch himself in the nick of time.

"Fine, I'll tell you everything I know. You mentioned Voldemort? Well he was alive and thriving from where I come from, an accident occurred that apparently flung me into the future some five-hundred plus years. And yes I'm a wizard and could have killed any one of you before you could have raised a weapon to stop me." Dr. Hasley's face froze into a scowl.

"Explain. All of it." Harry frowned at her.

"Why? I could wipe all of your memories and simply stroll out of here." The older man, Mendez his tag said, frowned at him.

"I doubt that." Harry chuckled and looked up at Malfoy.

"Why don't you tell them, they might actually believe you, Malfoy." The blonde haired man looked startled slightly.

"He'sâ€¦| telling the truth." Everyone else in the room turned to stair at him. "My family is one of the last remaining wizarding ones. Anything he says is true."

"I still don't think you get out of this base." Harry looked up at the old man.

"Maybe, maybe not. I suppose telling you all won't hurt to much, it isn't like I'm not going back so it doesn't matter to much."

Harry sighed and began his story. He spoke of everything, starting with the Philosopher's stone, and ending with the battle for Hogwarts. Hours went by, no one said a thing or asked him a single question, they just listened. He talked about the special training he had endured and the augments that the Phoenix Knights under went, he spoke of his Godfather, his friends, Remus and Tonks, he talked about them all. Finally, some six hours later, when all of the story was complete, Harry fell quiet, and waited. Waited to see how long it would take for all of them to react.

Surprisingly enough, John spoke first.

"Damn." This one comment opened the flood gates.

"How do you plan on getting back?"

"Where is Hogwarts?"

"Can you kill Voldemort?"

Did you actually defeat a dragon?"

Harry rubbed his eyes and squeezed them shut, trying to block out all of the noise. After a moment of this, the only Spartan in the room asked for everyone else to please be quiet and let Potter breath.

Harry sighed and looked up into everyone's face. "I need to get to Hogwarts, it may be the only place left that can help me get home." The room was quiet for a moment, Dr. Hasley spoke.

"No, I can't let you do that." Harry's eyes darkened, and ripples of power seemed to leap off of him in waves.

"And why is that?" The doctor seemed to realize that she had made a mistake.

"If you can replicate your own augmentations then it could be of great help to us, if we could apply them to all of our soldiers then

we would be able defeat the Covenant easily." Harry blinked and chuckled slightly.

"Wouldn't work, most of the augments are tied directly to magic, it would kill a normal muggle, and only certain wizards can withstand it. An old pure blood family, like Malfoy here, could under go it and probably survive, and I think I could give the Spartans a bit of an upgrade, but they are not for mass distribution, and besides, I would need Dumbledore's notes, and those are at Hogwarts."

The doctor frowned but nodded. "Then it doesn't matter either way."

"Excuse me, but I am going to Hogwarts, so what's the big deal?" She looked up at him.

"You said that Hogwarts was located in Scotland correct?" (I have no idea if this is right.) Harry nodded.

"Well look at this." She reached into a bag that she had carried into the room earlier and produced a sleek laptop, after typing something in, she slid it across the table to him. Harry peered at the image and frowned.

"Scotland has been in a perpetual winter for several hundred years, we believe some animal that isn't on our files have thrived in the climate and reeked havoc in the area, the death rate is astronomical." The image changed to show gruesome corpses torn to bits. Harry's frown deepened.

"Werewolves." The room quieted at this. "These patterns show werewolf killings, tell me, how are the moon patterns?" The doctor looked surprised.

"That was the next thing that I was going to tell you. There is a continuous lunar eclipse over the area that we can not explain, keeps the area in perpetual darkness." (I have no idea if this is even remotely possible, just take it as magic) Harry nodded his head and stood suddenly.

"Doesn't really matter, I'm going anyway. Werewolves aren't that bad." Dr. Hasley blinked slightly and stood with him.

"We are not going to contain you since you have the backing of one of our leading intelligence officers, but you are in shallow water, don't mess up. If you are going, and there isn't really any way for me to stop you, I would like it if you allowed someone to accompany you." Harry blinked and shrugged, the more the merrier as far as he was concerned.

"Sure, who is going with me?" John smiled and stepped forward.

"I would like to accompany him if at all possible ma'am." She smiled up at John and nodded.

"As long as Mendez doesn't have any problems with it." The grizzled soldier scowled briefly.

"I'll only allow it because this could help turn the tide of the war, take Kelly with you. She like's the outdoors, right?" John

nodded.

"I will speak with her immediately, sir. Potter, if you will follow me, I will show you to your quarters until we depart." Harry nodded and followed John out of the room.

The three remaining people shared a glance. "This could be interesting."

****Two Days Laterâ€| ****

Harry squinted through the darkness and pulled his cloak closer to his body. Laying before him in ruins, was the village of Hogsmeade. It appeared that the once inviting town had been burnt in some sort of terrible battle. If he looked just right, Harry could still make out the remnants of a sign reading, Zonko's Joke Emporium.

"Not much farther now, were almost there." He looked over his shoulder to see two figures, both of them dressed in cloaks as well. The Spartans did not look happy, they hadn't spent much time outside of their armor in months, and they hated being in a hostile environment without it.

"Less than a mile now, let's just hope-" Harry was suddenly interrupted by a very loud howl. "Right then, let's pick up the pace." Three made there way up the large slope that led to Hogwarts.

The castle itself still stood, older than Harry had ever seen it, but the magic inside was still holding strong, and it probably would for another thousand years. Signs of an old battle were everywhere, the snow had deep imprints within it, where gorges had been torn right out of the ground, one door leading to the great hall lay in cold, rotting fragments, the stone had deep cracks, and far off into the distance, Harry could see that several of the towers had crumbled.

He turned to his companions and stopped as he saw their scowl.

"Harry, I can't see anything." Kelly's voice was just barely audible above the roaring wind. The boy who lived sighed, muggle repellent charms.

"Both of you step forward and I'll fix that problem." The two Spartans moved forward and stood in front of Harry, the Wizard pulled out his wand and rapt them both on the head.

"What was that for-" John paused as a huge castle materialized in front of him. "Ohâ€|"

Harry smiled and motioned them forward. The group redoubled their pace as another howl echoed around them, within ten minutes, they found themselves at the opening to the great hall.

Harry's breath froze in the air before his face. The great hall was in shambles. The tables were overturned, and the ceiling's magic was ruined by the large gaps in the stone work, said stones lay scattered across the floor, tearing deep gorges in the ancient masonry. Several inches of snow covered the ground near the door, it slowly faded the

farther into the room Harry looked.

The boy who lived sighed as he moved forward into the room. A sense of longing flooded him as he gazed around the hall. After allowing himself a moment to reminisce, he headed for the headmasters room with John and Kelly in tow.

The trip through the halls of Hogwarts was a somber one, all was quiet, except for the wind whistling through the cracks in the stone and through the shattered windows.

Harry rounded the corner, "Is it just me or is it getting colder?," and made his way towards the fallen gargoyle. He paused for a moment, and breathed deeply. Something oddly familiar flooded his nose, a flowery scent that gave him a bit of comfort, it was almost as if

"Harry?" The boy who lived jumped slightly and pulled out his wand before remembering his present company.

"Sorry guys, it's just up here." They moved forward, past the classroom that Harry had paused in front of and up the spiral staircase.

The first thing that told him that something was wrong, was the smell, the second thing, was the hideous hand the swiped outward and slashed him across the face.

The boy who lived was thrown backwards down the stairs, John and Kelly going with him. After he finished tumbling, the Phoenix Knight rolled into a crouch and pulled out his wand, leveling it at the creature before him. The largest werewolf he had ever seen, easily standing nine feet tall charged down the stairs like a bat out of hell, it's shaggy white fur hung about it in dirty dreadlocks. Harry twisted his arm and released a silver spike from his wand.

The deadly projectile tore through the air, just before it hit, the wolf crouched low, letting the spike soar over it's head. The beast grinned at them and leapt forward. It caught Harry with another swipe, sending him careening down the hallway. John and Kelly pulled out two battle rifles and opened fire. The bullets pinged uselessly against it's leather like skin. The beast howled and lurched after them on all fours. Kelly rolled right and let the creature's sweeping arm pass over top of her, what she wasn't expecting was it to bring it's back leg up and catch her in the chest.

She slid backwards and was caught by Harry just before slamming into the wall.

"Fancy meeting you here." He grinned down at her and helped her up.

"My hero." Harry laughed at the sarcastic remark, he shook the blood out of his eyes, and dived back into the fray.

John pulled out a knife and pushed upwards, hoping to imbed it into the vulnerable flesh of the creature's throat. No such luck. The metal bent and broke under the force of the Spartan colliding with what might as well have been reinforced titanium. He brought his arm up to his face as the beast slammed him across the forearms, sending

him backwards.

Harry leapt over John's form and charged at the creature striking it across the face with a recently silver coated glove. The werewolf was knocked off it's feet, the smell of it's flesh burning entered the air.

It rolled up and leapt at Harry pinning him to the ground. The boy who lived swore loudly and managed to jab his wand into the creature's shoulder right before it tried to disembowel him. Another silver spike shot from his wand and pulled the creature off. The werewolf shot through the air and slammed against the wall, hanging their, pinned by the spike.

It growled and roared at Harry, looking down at the burning spike in annoyance, the giant, mutated beast began pulling it loose.

"This way, come on, move!" Harry directed his Spartan comrades into the classroom he had paused in front of earlier and slammed the door shut. Muttering under his breath in Latin, the boy who lived erected a Silver ward in front of the door, not a second later, the sound of a whimper of pain was heard as the beast through itself at the door. He wiped the blood from his face again and allowed himself to relax slightly.

"Damn, that was close."

Everything was silent, The boy who lived had expect something, maybe and explicative from Kelly, but all was silent.

"Harry, you might want to look at this." The boy who lived slowly spun on the spot. Before him in the middle of the room, stood a giant crystal. And within that crystal, stood a person. Harry slowly made his way forward and leaned in for a closer look.

His eyes widened in recognition, He stepped backwards and drew his wand. In an instant, the giant ice crystal was surrounded in a torrent of flames. It took several seconds for everything to melt, but when it did, the figure in the center stood for only a moment before collapsing to the ground, shivering uncontrollably. Harry took off his cloak and draped it over the prone figure before scooping her up into his arms.

She looked up in confusion for a moment before bursting out in a sob and wrapping her arms around him.

"H-harry, I t-thought you were dead." He smiled down at her as tears filled his eyes.

"you don't know how glad I am to see you, Tonks."

Fin.

**That is the end of this chapter, yea, I know it is a bit of a cliffy and I apologize but it was either this or not stop at all, I hope you enjoyed it, and as a note, I know that they wouldn't just let Harry waltz out of a Military base but they couldn't really stop him, and this just lets the story flow better. I am also going to be screwing with the time line abit. They didn't where their armor because of the magical interference. This isn't going to be a strict

Halo crossover, but it isn't crossing over with anything else either, Harry and Tonks will be the only ones returning to their own time, sorry.**

Also, what do you guys think about him going to a few other times before making it home, you know, like the Wild West or maybe pirates for a while, nothing corny, I promise, just an idea, when they finally make it back, the time want match up perfectly, meaning they probably get back a few years early and have to lay low for a while, just some thoughts. Sorry this took so long, but I am back in school so updates are going to be spasmodic to say the least.

R&R

**--Lukan. **

4. Escape

Alright everyone, I'm almost positive that the vast majority of you are curious as to whether I may have died. Fortunately, for me, I ain't dead yet. But, this will have been the forth time that I will have had to re-write this chapter, through a series of unfortunate events, from computer struck by lightning, to complete hard ware and soft ware failures. But, it is behind me, hopefully, and even though I have severe suspicions that someone does not want me working on this, I am going to continue, so without further delay, let us begin.

Disclaimer- Don't own it. None of it but the plot and a few original characters.

Harry blinked down at Tonks in utter amazement. He had been flung over five hundred years into the future to discover it in the grips of an intergalactic war with a group of religiously fanatic aliens. And he had managed to find someone, someone that he cared about, here with him. Tears prickled the backs of his eyes. All of the fear, pain and loss that he had been setting aside rushed forward with a strength that he could only hope to match.

The look in Tonks' eyes was all he needed to know, she may have been frozen, but she was never asleep. Rage towards Voldemort and anyone else that could have caused this bubbled up and pushed his tears away. That's when the world decided that he needed to rejoin it.

"Harry, we have a problem." The phoenix knight looked over his shoulder towards John. The door behind him was severely cracked; the albino werewolf had continued to slam itself against the it, in spite of the silver ward that he had managed to erect. He looked back down at Tonks, the confusion and fear etched across her face, and made a snap decision.

"Tonks, can you hear me? Do you understand me?" He voice was soft but fast, he needed to get her out of here. She nodded slightly and shifted on the floor minutely.

"H-harry, you're alive?" He smiled down her and nodded.

"Tonks, please, I'm going to levitate you, okay? My friends here are going to help you out." He turns from his knelt position, ever aware of the deteriorating door, and faces the young Spartans. "John, Kelly, I need you to get her back to the pelican. I'll hold him off and buy you some time. I'll be right behind you." John hesitated for a moment, his face, appearing far older than it should, tightened for a moment before he nodded in understanding.

"Alright Harry, what ever you need." Harry smiled at him and flicked his wand over Tonks, causing her to levitate off the floor slightly.

"I'm going to lower you lot out the window to the ground outside." He flicked his wand in a complicated and muttered a string of Latin under his breath. Several magazines filled with silver rounds appeared in his hand, along with two silver combat knives. He blinked, appearing slightly tired, conjuring pure elements was not something everyone could do. "Take these, run as soon as you hit dirt." He walked over to John and tapped his belt. Tonks, who had been following him around since then hovered next to the Spartan, now tethered to him instead. He quickly flung the window open and lowered them down close to the ground. Tonks was crying silently, wanting him to stay close to her. His emotions, turned off since his arrival, peaked again. He smiled down at as the Spartans touched down. The door behind him crashed open.

Harry spun to face the monstrosity; towering over him, it had to have been the biggest lycan he had ever laid eyes on. Instead of firing off a silver spike, which seemed to only slow it down; he allowed his instincts and emotions to roll over him, and released the hold over his animagus form.

Far more fluidly than most, The Chosen One was quickly replaced with the form of a hulking dire wolf. From shoulder to floor, he was nearly two meters tall. The magical augmentation that all phoenix knights underwent had directly affected his animagus form. Instead of a slightly larger than normal wolf, he was roughly the same size as a war horse.

The two canines rushed towards one another and clashed in a flurry of teeth and fur. Harry managed to pin the beast beneath him before being flung out of the destroyed doorway and into the stone corridor. He tumbled across his back and left scratch marks in the floor as he ground to a stop.

The lycan, with a mind controlled by anger, pain, and lust, leapt after him. Harry, still holding human thought, side stepped the attack and let the creature collide with the stone wall. The beast would not be stopped and quickly rose, shaking its head back and forth angrily. It roared and swiped Harry across the muzzle, throwing him across the hallway. The boy who lived grimaced as his shoulder clanged painfully against the far wall. He staggered to all fours and dug into his magic reserves, using it to block out the pain and further augment his strength.

The werewolf charged and grabbed him by the shoulders, trying to push him back and crush him into the wall. Harry dug in and pushed back, gaining no ground but loosing none either. The lycan dug into him with its claws. Harry snarled and stuck his bleeding muzzle into the section of the monster's shoulder that had been wounded earlier. He

tore deep and clamped onto something that felt like bone. With all the strength he could manage, he tugged hard against the bone, feeling and hearing as the muscle and tendons were torn away.

The lycan howled in agony and backed away from Harry quickly, anger and fear mingled in its eyes. Harry growled and snapped the collar bone in his jaws into two separate pieces, leaving fragments and splinters at his paws. The werewolf was lying on the ground now, bleeding profusely. Harry allowed the wolf within him to recede, assuming his human shape once more. Before his eyes, the beast began to shift as well, and within several excruciating seconds an old naked man lay before him.

The old man looked up in obvious surprise before smiling at him and falling still, finally lifted from his curse. The phoenix knight's breath came in quick gasps as the adrenaline in his system faded away, leaving him exhausted. He fell to one knee and grimaced as a fresh stab of pain lanced through both of his shoulders. He glanced down at them to discover that that they were bleeding badly. He raised his wand with a shaking hand and muttered something in Latin. The tip of his wand glowed white hot, like a blow torch. He held it against his wound and roared in pain as he slowly cauterized his own wounds.

After a short eternity of agony, which left him close to fainting; he raised his wand again. Barely able to move, he did the only thing he could think up to check Dumbledore's office; he had to bring _something _back, anything to salvage this mess of a mission. "_Accio Dumbledore's journal_." At a pace far slower than he would have liked; a large leather bound book slowly floated down the spiral staircase and past the shattered gargoyles.

It hovered before him for a moment and collapsed. Harry reached out and grasped the book. He took a deep breath in an attempt to steady himself before closing his eyes and focusing on the inside of the pelican. With a far greater effort than it would have normally taken him, and without even realizing that he had to literally shatter the wards of Hogwarts to escape, Harry Potter disappeared with a tremendous crack.

* * *

><p>John had readied the pelican for take off as soon as they had arrived. The woman that Harry had called Tonks was quickly strapped down to an emergency gurney in hopes of preventing her from being further injured in her weakened state. She was screaming at the top of her lungs, something that he would have thought impossible after being frozen for half of a millennia. He could not blame her, but he wished she would calm down.<p>

A thunderous crack filled the bay of the pelican, Kelly and he spun quickly, guns raised and ready to fire. John paused, shocked at what was before him. Harry was lying in the center of the pelican, right next to Tonks, barely conscience. The raven haired warrior smiled weakly at his old friend as he eased himself back into a sitting position.

He looked up at John and Kelly, noting the slight relief that shown in their eyes before speaking. "Well, are we going to sit here all night or are we moving?" Kelly snapped out of it and paused just long

enough to give him a quick glare, which he responded to with a cheeky grin, before walking over to the console and activating the auto pilot.

Harry returned his focus to Tonks to see her crying silently. He stood shakily and slowly undid the straps. They weren't uncomfortably tight, but she couldn't move either. He leaned down and embraced her in a hug; ringing out every emotion he had been holding since he arrived in the future, before blacking out.

* * *

><p>Harry blinked and opened his eyes to a white room. Relief flooded him; it had all been a dream, no aliens or fourteen year old super soldiers. He must have banged himself up pretty good when he had fallen from the astronomy tower.<p>

"Good, you're awake." His head snapped sideways and locked onto Dr. Hasley, dammed it, so much for dreaming. He frowned up at her for a moment and shifted his vision to the woman sleeping in the bed next to him. Tonks looked peaceful; she resembled Bellatrix a bit, but in a good way, like an innocent, uncorrupted version of the psychotic Death Eater. Her hair was long and black, almost as dark as his own, and it held a sheen in it. He smiled at the shape shifter before returning his attention to the woman standing in front of him.

"Dr. Hasley, I assume I'm back on base." She smirked down at him and shook her head.

"No, you are currently on Reach, the world that was used to train the Spartans." Harry blinked and rubbed at his eyes, He was never going to get used to this intergalactic traveling thing.

"How long was I out for?" She walked over to his monitors and eyed them curiously before answering him.

"Four days; you seemed to be more exhausted than anything else, did you know that your heart only beats 33 times a minute?" He smirked up at her.

"And My body temperature only runs at 76 degrees. Its the magical augmentation, it changed my physiology substantially the cope with all of the upgrades." She nodded in understanding and looked him in the eye again.

"John and Kelly are on base; but before I bring them in, I have a proposition for you." Harry quirked an eyebrow in interest.

"What would that be?" She cleared her throat before answering.

"I want you to lead a Special Forces team made up of other super soldiers, kind of like the Spartan project but on a smaller scale, we can attempt to duplicate your augmentation with technology, if you are willing, all of my scientists will be at your disposal. We will try everything possible to get you home."

Harry frowned and thought about his options before answering. "I believe that we can help each other. This time is not my own, but I will do what I can to help humanity. The Covenant does not seem 'friendly', and with the wizarding population practically non

existent, you are going to need all the help you can get. But, I want John and Kelly on this team, along with Tonks when she recovers."

Dr. Hasley breathed a sigh of relief; she was expecting that to be far harder. "Agreed, but I request that you choose one more member for the team. You may not ever be able to return to your own time, but my people will do everything in their power to help." Harry smiled at her.

"At least you aren't holding me captive this time." Dr. Hasley laughed slightly before standing to leave.

"I'll call John and Kelly and tell them you are awake, I'm sure they will be by shortly." Harry nodded to her as she left the room. Maybe he could do some good here.

* * *

><p>Back on Earth, deep in the pits of the Chamber of Secrets, an ancient evil stirs; finally awake after nearly five centuries of sleep. Lord Voldemort opened his crimson eyes, blinking back sleep and stretching the stiffness out of his powerful form.<p>

_"So, Harry has finally returned." _The Dark Lord had discovered after Harry's disappearance that his forces had grown stale and his progression was stagnant. Somehow, the prophecy was preventing him from taking over the world before it was completed; Earth had been in a limbo of sorts, as far as Voldemort and the Boy Who Lived were concerned. He could only ever come to a draw on the battle field regardless of how much more powerful he was. But with the boy who lived back, perhaps he could destroy him and finally rule as was his blood right.

So, he had locked himself away until the opportunity to full fill the prophecy had arisen, and that time was now. Lord Voldemort looked at the tombs around him, the ones that housed his most powerful and trusted Death Eaters. With a flourish of his wand, they cracked open, revealing those within. A sadistic smile curved across his face.

_"Soon Potter, soon the world, and your life, will be mine." _A dark laughter tore itself from Voldemort's lips. Millions of miles away, a chill climbed its way up Harry Potter's spine.

Fin

Okay, I know that wasn't as long as usual, but I am just glad that I was able to get it written at all, please, review and tell me what you think, ask me questions if you have any. I will be glad to answer them. I am truly sorry for how long this took, I know that no excuse I make will suffice, but I only have 15 days till I'm out of high school, forever. So, I will hopefully be able to write a lot more this summer before college, WVU if anyone is curious.

My deepest apologies,

-Lukan Marvolo.

5. Augmentation

Ok everybody, I'm back with another chapter, my home computer's power supply got fried so I'm typing this on my lap top, I'm having a rotten string of luck as far as computers go huh?

I've heard some complaints, or 'constructive criticism' about how this story is going cannon wise for halo, well I'm here to explain that. When Harry jumped forward in time, he caused numerous 'bumps' these bumps spread out ward and changed the world as it would have been if he had remained in his own time, this effectively, has caused the halo universe to be AU, shifted from what it is supposed to be originally. So if you notice something different, or think you've noticed something different, just chalk it up to one of those bumps, and move on. And If you find something that really bothers you then let me know in a review and I'll consider adjusting it.

Ok, lets get started.

Disclaimer- I in know way shape or form have any rights to the Harry Potter or Halo universes.

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John sat stiffly in steel medical chair, it was reclined backwards so that he was almost completely horizontal. His chest was bare, but a pair of BDU's adorned his legs, he was also bare foot. His jaw was clenched in anticipation of something, and apparently he thought it would be painful. _This is what I get for volunteering._ He jumped, suppressing the urge to grab for a firearm, as an automatic door slid open behind him.

Fantastic, his torturers had arrived.

Harry and Tonks rounded the operating table and came into his view, both of them were wearing a set of silver scrubs, and gloves, masks were pulled down so they could talk easily. Harry's grin did little to alleviate John's tension.

In the month since he had escaped Hogwarts with Tonks in tow, Harry had begun to extensively work at applying his magical upgrades to muggle soldiers, specifically the Spartans, and he had had a break through, unfortunately, for John, he needed a test subject. Harry began humming to himself idly as he sat several deadly looking instruments down on a small steel table next to John. Tonks was trying not to laugh to much at the Spartans expression.

"Don't worry so much, Harry studied our upgrades extensively before allowing us to augment him. So relax." Harry pulled out a round open cradle that had several dozen golden runes dancing around it in a swirling pattern.

"What the hell is that thing for?" Harry stopped humming and looked over his shoulder at John.

"What? This thing?" He hefted the small round ball in his hand. "Now that would be telling John." He grinned menacingly at him and laughed. Before turning back to the table.

John gulped audibly, and tensed up even more than before, it was

ridiculous really, he'd faced an army of alien invaders without batting an eye, and one of his friends was scaring him stiff. Oh how the mighty have fallen.

"I believe I have found a way to give you an upgrade my friend, but there is one problem with the procedure. These augmentations run off of magic, and you don't have any, but I plan on fixing that." Harry turned around, still holding the small open sphere, and produced three vials from one of his pockets. "Luckily for you, I have managed to get a hold of some fresh ingredients, magical creatures tend to be a lot more skittish these days." Harry held out the three vials to John. "I want you to hold these, and tell me which one feels the most natural in your hand."

John gingerly took the three vials from Harry, and gripped them experimentally. One of them grew warm and tingly in his hand almost instantly, he sat the others aside and held up the one that felt right. "This one."

Harry plucked it from his hand and chuckled slightly. "Dragon heart string, not at all surprising." He produced his wand and smiled over at Tonks. "Would you start the energy cycle Nymph?" She glared slightly at the use of the nickname before lifting her own wand and waving it in a complicated spiraling pattern while pointing it at the open sphere, she began muttering in Latin.

"Right then." Harry tapped the container and it shimmered briefly before falling away, revealing a glowing cord that literally radiated power. John guessed it was dragon heart string. Harry used his wand to push the heart string into the sphere, which was glowing bright gold at this point.

The sphere slid against itself, almost growing over the entrance. It glowed brighter for a moment before fading slightly. Harry smiled at his success and gave Tonks a quick hug in thanks before returning his attention to John.

"My friend, this is going to feel rather odd." Harry leveled his wand at just chest and flicked it subtly. The super soldier, well, the one lying on the table at any rate, blinked as his chest grew heavy and numb. "Now I'm going to slice you open, but don't worry, I actually know what I'm doing." John just nodded and stiffened waiting for the pain.

Instead, he felt an unusual tugging sensation; he glanced down and almost screamed at the sight of his chest laid open before him, his ribs pulled back and everything, almost like an autopsy. He took a deep breath, completely disturbed by the fact that he could actually see his own lungs, and tried to relax.

"See? That wasn't so bad." John glared up at him but chose not to say anything. He glanced back down at himself and blinked, he could see his own heart beating, it was larger than a normal human's, the wonder of growth hormones. Harry hovered the sphere over to the opening in John's chest and spoke to him.

"Just so you know what I'm doing, this is going into you, and it's gonna tingle." John blinked at the bluntness, Harry had been a little different since he had found Tonks, more of a light hearted. "I'm going to basically turn your whole body into a large wand, normally, this

would kill someone, but, I've managed to manipulate this sphere here so that it will integrate into you whole system, now I have no idea how powerful this might make you, most likely, it will just give you enough magic to power your new upgrades. But you never know, maybe you'll get to use a wand to. But I must warn you that magic in itself is practically a force of nature, and what we are doing is not natural, so don't over do it at first, incase the heart string doesn't like you and decides to kick your ass."

John just nodded and took another breath. "Go ahead." Harry nodded and Began to rapidly chant in Latin while lowering the sphere towards the gaping whole in John's chest. It flared brightly and began to pulse randomly, before sinking with John's heart beat. It flashed even brighter as it made contact with his heart, soon, as it began to sick deeper into his chest, John's heart, and his whole body, glowed brightly.

And just like that it was over, the next time he looked down his chest was neatly knitting itself back together leaving barely a scar behind. He sat up slowly and flexed his fingers experimentally, his whole body tingled. "Do you always fill like this?" Harry grinned and nodded.

"Pretty cool huh?" John grinned before standing slowly.

"I feel like I could climb a mountain, naked." Harry laughed. And pulled his mask away from his face and gently slapping his friend on the back.

"I want you to take it easy for a few days, we won't be giving you any of the actual augmentations until you've had time to settle a bit." John nodded and pulled on his shirt as the three of them made there way towards the door.

PhoenixSpartansPhoenixSpartansPhoenixSpartansPhoenixSpartans

Harry yawned and pulled the warm body closer to him. Tonks sighed in her sleep slightly and snuggled up closer to him. For the last month, the old friends had been bunking together. They'd done it numerous times on stake outs and raid, huddling together to stay warm. Now they were doing it to help each other in a different way. Both of them felt lost, adrift in a sea of strangers. In a time that was not their own. They were clinging together, depending on one another.

Harry sighed and inhaled deeply, smelling Tonks' strawberry shampoo before closing his eyes, He had a busy day ahead of him, then again, all of his days were busy now.

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The Phoenix Knight scowled down at the soldiers before him. The entire Spartan, excluding John, who was off to one side watching, was at full salute in front of him. "At ease." As one they all took the traditional position. A smirk slid across his face.

Today, I am going to be training you in a form of combat that you are unaccustomed to. Instead of fighting an army, you will be fighting one person. Me." If they had been less disciplined they may have

laughed, instead, they only grew more serious, everyone of them had heard stories from John and Kelly, he was strong, very strong.

Harry pulled out his wand and gave it a swift flick. A full set of battle gear appeared before the Spartans; battle rifles, magnums, a set of fragmentation grenades and light armor, along with enough provisions to last them for three days. A giant ware house was behind them, Harry walked forward while shrugging out of his jacket, and opened the doors.

Instead of a large empty room, a sprawling jungle waited for them inside. " I have populated this forest with dozens of dangerous creatures, including three small dragons. It is roughly eighty square miles of thick dense forest. Your objective is to survive, and incapacitate me if you can. At the end of three days I will be choosing a group of five of you, lead by John, to under go the augmentation process. It is dangerous procedure that has life altering side affects. Only the strongest and most cunning of you will be selected."

Harry pulled off his boots and took off his shirt, leaving him in a pair of camouflage pants. "We begin now." Without hesitation the Spartans grabbed their gear and marched off into the wilderness. Harry smiled over at John and Tonks, he gave her a subtle wink before following the Spartans inside, and locking the doors behind him.

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Ok that's it for now everybody. I know its short, really short, but I don't have any more time to work on ti right now, but the next chapter should be much longer. I plan on covering all three days in the next chapter so it should be a doozy length wise. I know it sucks that John won't be getting any action just yet but I'm going to give him some lime light in a few chapters. And I know Tonks and Harry seem a bet to close to soon, but they didn't come from the cannon potter verse, this version was darker, and Harry was a soldier, a trained one mind you, a lot longer than he was in cannon, besides, this IS fan fiction.

Ok if anyone had any questions or suggestions, just drop it by me in a review.

-Lukan.

End
file.